









## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet slopes of the Fairhaven farm; the river, murmuring softly over its pebbly bottom, flashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover nodding ready for the scythe filled the warm air with sweet, stammering scents.

"Fine weather for the hayin," said Eliakim Fairhaven, to his maternal nature God's sunshine and the grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him, knitting and watching the cumbersome frolics of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was "bringing up by hand."

"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the heavy West. "Who's that comin' up the path, I wonder?"

"One of the new hands, I calculate," said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Taint no hayin hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine



"Please, ma'am," began the child eagerly, years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on his forehead, "but—"

"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with dogged composure. Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"I'll could just get 'em a bowl of milk, Eliakim, and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "I ain't a-going to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you soft-hearted womanfolk!"

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road, the languid steps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

"Oh, papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning her blue, wistful eyes to the white, worn face, "how cruel people are!"

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child! But for you—"

He stopped, his voice husky with emotion. They had walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustling among the wild-rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop!"

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dunderbuck's, and I cut down through lous to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall be on 'em quite well," he answered, calmly and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected.

"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing husky in spite of herself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays, too."

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand.

"I s'pose you want to get to Lonsdale," said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Is it far?"

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll make Josh get out the wagon, and with a good bushy robe cover the seats you'll ride easy enough. They'll be here afore Eliakim gets through meatin' and prayin'—I ain't no relation with that kind of religion—and while you're waitin' I'll bring down a stack of bread and meat and a bottle of my currant wine. Taint good to travel on an empty stomach."

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and appreciation of the hungry child.

"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort, drawing the child aside, when Josh

drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use!"

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," said Essie, her countenance falling, "but—"

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort, "and here's a five-dollar bill I've laid aside out of my butter money that Eliakim don't know nothin' about."

The child's eyes were brimming as she looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hard-featured face.

"Will you let me kiss you, just once?" she whispered, standing on tip-toe to bring her blooming cheek close to the spinner's wrinkled lips.

Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself have remarked, had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not refuse the sweet, wistful entreaty.

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along, Josh's waitin'!"

"Oh!" cried little Esther, as she sat



"Will you let me kiss you?" on the buffalo-draped seat, "I wish I was rich and grown up!"

"Why, what 'ud you do?" demanded honest Josh.

"I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady," Josh chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old doll!"

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he speculated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't much care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages did you ask?"

"I ain't so particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponcau's, No. — Fifth Avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit."

"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort with a sigh, "but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet. Give me the address; I shan't give up and starve without tryin' for it."

Yet, in spite of her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception-room of the Fifth Avenue mansion, surrounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were they.

"I'm a most sorry I come!" thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered—a young lady with golden-brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow—deep blue eyes.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried ecstatically; "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whether—"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes.

"Why," demanded the bewildered spinner, "who are you?"

"I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five-dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild-rose bushes, when—"

"Oh-o-o-h!" exclaimed Miss Comfort, "you don't mean to say you're that?"

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embrace, while she listened to the story of how grandpapa had adopted her, and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise or art invent.

"And I have longed to see you again," added Essie, "for if it had not been for your kindness, papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now, and be my darling old friend!"

"No," said Miss Comfort, gravely, shaking her head. "I've come to apply for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go elsewhere."

And Essie was obliged to content.

"But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her curly hair, "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpapa always entrusts these things to my management."

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed momentarily as a housekeeper, really the trusted and proved head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously

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## FRUITS OF GOLD.

A Description of Orange Culture in Florida.

Fourteen years ago there were hardly a dozen bearing orange groves in Florida; now the cultivation of "the most delicious fruit which Nature yields," is the leading industry in that State.

It is a great mistake to suppose that oranges are grown in every part of Florida. That portion of the State North and West of Jacksonville is unsuitable for their profitable cultivation, and so is what may be called its tropical section.

Only the South-central part is available for the purpose indicated, but the industry will yet bear expansion to dimensions now undreamed of. The domestic and foreign demand increases constantly.

### CUTTING THE FRUIT.

The height of the Florida season is the middle of February. Oranges are



Clipping oranges.

ripe and fit for market in November, but are in their prime in January and February.

The greatest care is taken in cutting the fruit.

His ladder having been placed against the tree the plucker ascends it, provided with clipping-scissors attached to a sort of cup. He removes the fruit, leaving a small stem to each orange.

The clipped fruit is removed from the cup into which it has fallen while being cut, into a basket hooked to the ladder. Basket-fulls are emptied into boxes, and these removed to the sorting-house.

### AFTER PROCESSING.

There the oranges are "sweated" from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, by which process the fruit is made more palatable, is understood that during the time specified they are left to exude water through the skin, thereby toughening it.

The fruit is then placed in racks allowing the freest access of air and drying is thoroughly. Oranges are next sorted.

An approved sorter stands in front of an inclined trough perforated with different sized round holes. He sends the fruit gently down an inclined plane, with the result that each of the oranges drops through its appropriate hole, and the largest remain in the trough.

Wrapping in tissue paper comes next in order, then boxing and shipment to market. All boxes are of the same size—holding from sixty-five each, which is a very extra large, to 225 or 250. The general average is from 120 to 140.

### MAKING WILD TREES PRODUCTIVE.

Wild forest land has been made wonderfully productive of good oranges. In what way?

All the trees but the wild orange trees were cut down and these were cut down and lugged.

To describe in detail the manner in which these productive groves were started.

In the forest grow many kinds of hard wood trees, mixed with the natural wild oranges. The forest trees excepting these were cut down and taken away, and their roots and all small plants cleared so that abundant sunlight and air could get to the wild orange trees.

These were then cut down to about three feet from the ground, and their top covered with wax, to prevent the remaining timber from splitting. In the space of three or four weeks buds started to grow out of the mutilated trunks.

Two healthy ones on each were saved and their growths carefully observed until the shoots were about half an inch in diameter. At this time one was selected in preference to the other, which was killed, and there was inserted within the chosen shoot a sweet bud.

The trunk was then carefully trimmed down to where the saved and grafted shoot was growing from it.

Budding is found to be the most profitable way of starting a grove, where it can be done.

There are people who fancy that seedling the best seeds of choice oranges, planting them in a nursery bed, and removing the young trees to the grove when they are two or three years old, is the best way of starting.

It is a very old way, always in use but

it is not the best way.

There is an old tree in a grove at Enterprise from which ten thousand oranges are annually taken. When young it was a small tree, but it grew to its present size by the use of the budding method.

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In selling young trees, to take the place of those which die or become diseased and to start new groves.

It was originally supposed that all orange trees when set out should be placed in a particular kind of soil. This idea has been exploded by practice tests which demonstrate the feasibility of growing them in every variety of soil, other conditions being equal.

### SETTING OUT YOUNG TREES.

In the early days, in setting out groves the trees were placed twenty feet apart, or 108 to the acre. The usage now is to set them from twenty-five feet to thirty-five feet apart. This is found to be the more economical way.

Oranges grow on the outside of the tree never on the inside, and every part of the outside of the tree should be open to the sunshine.

Before trees are set out from the nursery the land is thoroughly prepared for their reception. Every vestige of previous growth of every kind is taken away, the soil plowed to insure the entire removal of forest roots, and afterwards harrowed and perfectly pulverized.

The trees are then set out from the nursery. They are from two and a half feet to four feet high, and from two to three years old.

After planting they must be provided with abundant moisture in order to their thriving.

They need to be watered once or twice a week while very young. A mulch having a diameter of four or five feet is placed around each tree in order to insure its being kept moist.

The spaces between the trees are dealt with variously. There are growers who take a horse and ordinary cultivator, and keep the soil stirred up by constant cultivation, thus destroying the weeds and keeping the land clear.

Others plant new rows between the trees, which in three or four weeks cover the ground, and serve by their growth to protect the roots of the trees from exposure, heat of the sun and to let in air. In the fall the new rows are plowed in and serve to enrich the soil.

As a general thing trees are set out in January and February. But some prefer October and November.

KEEPING THEM CLEAN AND NOURISHED.

After the trees have been set out in the grove three years it is found desirable to give them a dressing every two or three years, of a suitable commercial fertilizer. Stable manure is found unsuitable because it contains too large a quantity of ammonia, one effect of which is said to be that it produces in the fruit, the black rust, which when present reduces its value in the market fully one third. Much from the ponds in some parts has been found to make an excellent dressing.

Clearing the young trees of insects necessitates energetic measures. Some, in the Spring of the year, scrub the trunks and limbs for this purpose, using whale oil soap and potash in the operation. Others prefer whitewashing the trees to that plan, as apple-trees are whitewashed with the same intention, in less genial latitudes.

Young orange trees need much water.



Watering an orange tree.

and special means are adopted to give them a generous supply.

Many growers on the high lands have a system of pipes connected with huge tanks. These are kept filled with water by the use of wind and steam power.

Another method is the system of so placing the trees that the ground as to insure that the roots of the trees be constantly supplied with water.

Perhaps, however, these ways are not so common as irrigation by means of ditches.

Orange trees not budded do not bear until they are at least ten years old, but those budded in two or three years from the time of budding. They improve in productivity with age, and their fruit improves in quality with the lapse of time, having thinner rind and fewer seeds.

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10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-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## HEALTH.

Depends Upon Almost Entirely on Condition of Body and Mind.

According to our views of life, health is the most desirable thing that appertains to this present life. We so believe because man was created to enjoy himself, and please his Creator. If this were not so we should be obliged to charge Deity with imperfection, in that He had no settled object in the creation of man. Man's mental and physical constitutions in connection with the vast creations around him, their power to give happiness to man, is in proof that man was created for his own pleasure on earth, as well as for the pleasure of his Creator. Now as happiness in life depends almost entirely on the health of the body and mind, it behooves us to inquire what are the peculiar conditions which will best promote physical and mental health. Physical health depends on various circumstances, as the food we eat, as to its quality and quantity; the exposure we endure as to heat and cold; the exposure to miasmata, or to the spores of vegetable or animal life which lodge in the mucous membranes, are taken into the circulation and multiply to such an extent as to endanger and often destroy life. If when young the stomach is given double the work that it is able to do, it is plain that functional derangement must ensue, and if persisted in, disease, disorganization and death must follow. If we expose ourselves to the miasmatic exhalations of swamps and sluggish streams, we are pretty sure to suffer the pains of fever and ague, remittent or typhoid fevers. If we imprudently expose ourselves to intense cold or wet too long, we are in danger of acute inflammations in those organs most exposed or from weakness the most liable to take on disease. It is through the careful study of the causes and effects as applicable to the human organization that knowledge is to be acquired which can be made available in the preservation of health. The action of foreign bodies on the system taken into the stomach must be studied with care, and this through anatomy and physiology of the organs of the body. The original intention of the Creator, as related to the functions and powers of the body, must be studied in connection with those things both physical and mental which produce an effect on them. The experience of ages condensed in book form, and our own critical observations added thereto, are what we have to depend on as a guide in the education of each and every organ of the whole system.

The nice point in this education is in giving just enough of legitimate food to each organ, so that the aggregated whole shall be in harmony with itself and all its surroundings. If the thing is overdone bad results show themselves, as for instance, if we teach almost insensibility to goggle all within reach, dyspepsia or inflammation will follow attended with suffering—if acquiescence is falsely educated, the person is little, stungy and is very apt to be tempted to theft or other crime to gratify its greed for gold—if veneration is over educated, the person neglects his business, squanders his money, becomes deranged, and often such estrangement of mind leads to suicide. Every organ of the brain is liable to be falsely educated, as well as to be wrongfully neglected. In either case difficulty comes, effects follow that curtail more or less the happiness of the person, and hence it is evident, that to make the most use of the faculties we have is not to go to extremes, so much so that many of the faculties are sadly neglected.

As a rule take the profession of law. The lawyer is educated to make the most use of the better nature. He is taught that next to his own financial interests are the interests of his clients. A murderer arraigned for trial is bound to be cleared if the lawyer can do it. It matters not what the means used; though his lawyer knows that his client is guilty yet he uses all his finesse, all his duplicity, all the false logic he can command to turn the guilty one loose, to again intrude his hands in blood. And this exclusive and specific education of lawyers is what has cursed this country with its only laws, and forged chains for the people. It is almost self-evident that man's happiness individually and collectively hinges on the kind and degree of education given and whether it be confined to few organs, or evenly and appropriately distributed to all. Mothers, please do not try to make precious intellects or to educate any given group of organs to the exclusion of the rest. Give a general diffused and rational education to all the organs of mind and you will have done a great favor to the child and a duty to yourself and the world. —*H. A. Cushing, in Boston Herald.*

Five years ago a remarkably bright and pretty girl of seventeen worked in a San Francisco laundry. The son of a wealthy parents fell in love with her. She returned his passion, but said that she would not marry him, as he wished, because she was uneducated and coarse. Then he offered to send her away to school. She accepted this offer. During the ensuing four years she was in a Montreal convent, very apt and studious. The training wrought all the change that was desirable, and the wedding took place, with a long tour in Europe afterward. The couple returned to San Francisco lately. To show that he had neither forgotten nor was ashamed of her former employment, the bride gave a grand supper to three of her old companions who could be brought together.

## IN HOT WATER.

The Druggist Who Was Fettered by a Teuton.

The druggist knew a thing or two about business, so he put a sign in his window in large German letters, "German spoken here," and the very first hour it was up in walked a puffing, perspiring Teuton.

"Ich will sayen der mon voi sprecken Sherman?"

The head clerk closed one eye to the assistant, the proprietor grinned, and the boy perched a dozen marshmallows drops as he answered: "The German clerk has just gone out to dinner with the French, Spanish, Chinese and Turkish clerks. Anything I can do for you?"

"Vot time he kommen back mit dot dinner, ain't it?"

"He won't be back for an hour. Anything I can do for you?"

"Ich will say ben der mon voi sprecken Sherman—Ich varten."

He waited an hour and a half.

"Dot mon voi sprecken Sherman bully goot eater, ain't it?"

The assistant then told him that the German clerk had sent word that his aunt was sick and that he wouldn't be back before four o'clock. At four o'clock the German returned.

"Ich vill sayen dot mon voi sprecken Sherman?"

Then the proprietor asked him if it was anything important.

"Vot is dot? Dot not imbordent?"

The proprietor, chief clerk and assistant tried to explain, and a man who came in for a sordid powder chipped in, yelling at the top of his voice, and a little girl for rhubarb said she knew a man down the street that could speak German, but the Teuton only shook his head: "Ich vill sayen dot mon voi sprecken Sherman."

They then told him that the German clerk would not be back before twelve o'clock at night.

At twelve o'clock there was a furious ring at the bell. The proprietor fell down stairs, and the head clerk kicked over an ammonia bottle on his way through the store; both reached the door at the same time.

"Ich vill sayen der mon voi sprecken Sherman."

Then the proprietor seized an iron pestle, grabbed the Teuton by the throat and shrieked:

"You double-dyed, infernal 'Ich vill sayen,' tell me what you want or by the holy smoke I'll brain you."

"Ich vill hobben der mon voi sprecken Sherman to rise a bostel card to mine brudder vot is in Milwaukee."

Then they fell upon him and smote him full sore. The next day they took in the sign. And the clock in the village boomed two. —*Philadelphia News.*

## PURPOSEFUL PET NAMES.

A Marital Communication with a Well-Defined Motive.

A lady, whose forehead was thatched like a rustic cottage with a wealth of yellow bangs, and who moved in an atmosphere of patchouli, came up to the judicial desk in the Jefferson Market Police Court. When she had opened her mouth wide enough to declare a dividend she suspended operations and rolled her eyes from the magisterial presence along the line of ornamental court clerks.

"What are you looking for, madame?" inquired the dispenser of justice.

"A husband, sir."

At this the Court looked frightened, and the instantaneous smile which decorated all the unmarried court clerks became frozen as soon as they raised their heads.

"Where do you mean to find him?"

"I want to learn where you mean to find him. That's your business, I guess. I'm here for that."

"Madame," cried the Magistrate, "do you take this for a matrimonial agency?"

"Not I. I take it for just what it is. I come here to have you look up my husband for me. He left me to go with a theatrical company. He's back now, I guess, and he ought to provide for me."

"Certainly, madame; when did he leave you?"

"Three months ago. He went off to play a walking gentleman's part with a big salary and lots of money to bring him home. That's what he said. And I should say he has played it. I have not seen him since."

"Nor heard from him?"

"Oh, I heard from him. I just did."

"Did his letters indicate any falling off of affection?"

"No, indeed. He only wrote one, but it was a warm one."

"You mean a loving one?"

"I should say so. You never heard such lovely phrases used to a woman in your life."

"Did he promise continued coquetry?"

"He promised everything, Judge. The man seemed dying to get home to me."

"He did, eh? Well, that looks all right. What was the purport of this letter?"

"Oh, he wanted me to pawn my duds so as to raise \$20 for him to pay his fare back." —*N. Y. Herald.*

Electricity has been brought to the aid of the sportsman by the use of a small lamp for the front sight of a rifle to render it visible in the dusk, or when from any cause whatever there is insufficient light. The minute electric lamp is fixed near the muzzle of the gun and shielded by a metallic screen. The current is supplied by a small battery in the stock. —*N. Y. Post.*

## HUMOROUS.

—Bachelors are so plentiful and cheap that the fishermen don't care whether the school keeps or not. —*Lowell Courier.*

—It is said of the Chicago girl that when she falls away she throws a third of herself upon the ground. The other two-thirds are already there. —*Boston Budget.*

—What sort of a flag does a man unfurl when he waives an examination? asks the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*. We should say a flag of distress. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

—When a civilized man tells his best girl that she looks nice enough to eat, she feels flattered. When a Fiji Islander says the same to his sweetheart, she takes to the woods. —*Boston Post.*

—"I hear you are an extremist, Hobbs." "So I am." "When did you change your views?" "Since I became conductor of the slow freight. I spend all my time now kicking tramps off the extreme end of the train." —*Philadelphia Call.*

—"What do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling." —*Old City Derrick.*

—Marriage in High Life.—Judge: "John Henry, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Bride: "So you ask him if he takes me to be his wife? I guess you had better ask me if I take him. He is only an editor, and I've got forty-seven dollars laid up." —*Texas Siftings.*

—To clean the teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil, following it with plenty of kerosene. This would seem to be queer advice; but as it is taken from a machinist's magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith. —*N. Y. Independent.*

—Musical Amateur (to Irish fiddler): "My good friend, do you play by note?" Irish Fiddler: "Divil a note, sor." M. A.: "Do you play by ear, then?" I. F.: "Divil an ear, your honor." M. A.: "How do you play, then?" I. F.: "By main strength, he jabbers! and it's mighty dry wor-r-k!" —*Judy.*

—Jones: "Ah, I see by the paper that the serpent has been seen again off Long Branch. Brown—is that so?" Jones: "Yes; and the paper says, too, that the party that saw the monster was composed of truthful and sober citizens. Now, what do you think of that?" Brown: "Well, I don't know. I don't see that you can account for it excepting in one way: that some of the party were truthful and all the rest were sober." —*Somerville Journal.*

—"Fanny, you should not beat your doll with that heavy stick. You will make all the saw-dust come out of it," said a Texas mother to her little girl, who had placed her doll on the ground, and was laboring it with a base ball bat. "I don't care if all the sawdust does come out of her," replied Fanny; "I don't want people to say that my children turned out bad because I humored them too much." —*Chicago Tribune.*

## A REMINISCENCE OF WEBSTER.

How He Saw the Sea-Serpent and Refused to Speak of It.

B. M. W.—tells me that he learns from pretty good authority that Webster once saw the sea-serpent. It seems it was first seen in the bay between Anconet and Plymouth Beach by a perfectly reliable witness (many years ago), who was accustomed to look out on the sea with his glass every morning the first thing, as regularly as he ate his breakfast. One morning he saw this monster, with a head somewhat like a horse's, raised some six feet above the water, and his body, the size of a creek, trailing behind. He was careering over the bay, chasing the mackerel, which ran ashore in their fright, and were washed up and died in great numbers.

The story is that Webster had appointed to meet some Plymouth gentlemen at Manomet and spend the day fishing. After the fishing was over he set out to return to Lumbury in his sailboat with Peterson as he had come, and on the way they saw the sea-serpent which answered to the common account of this creature. It passed directly across the bows only six or seven rods off, and then disappeared. On the way home, Webster having had time to reflect on what had occurred, at length said to Peterson, "For God's sake, never say a word about this to any one, for if it should be known that I have seen the sea-serpent, I should never hear the last of it, but whenever I want, should have to tell the story to every one I met." So it has not leaked out until now. —*Taunton's Standard.*

A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Sicily, says the people delight in witnessing pain. The common way of putting a trapped rat to death is to throw some petroleum over it and then set it alight; the trap is then opened, and the poor animal runs in agony about the streets until it dies, amid the admiring shouts of the people. The usual way of transporting fowls is to tie all the legs together in a bunch, hang them head downward, split the bunch in two, and throw it over the back of an ass or across a man's shoulders. The poor birds utter screams of pain until they are exhausted. Twelve and fifteen hours of this kind of suffering is often inflicted. Mules and horses are harassed in such a way that they are constantly suffering from raw and bleeding wounds caused by chafing.

# LOOK OUT !!

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